THE

CATHOLIC WEEKLY INSTRUCTOR;

Or, Miscellany of

RELIGIOUS. INSTRUCTIVE, AND ENTERTAINING KNOWLEDGE.

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LETTERS FROM BELGIUM.

LETTER V.

[An idea has been entertained by some that the Letters from Belgium are fictitious, and have been written in *this* country. We beg to assure the reader that they are really written by a lady long residing in the country from which they are sent, and who had the happiness of becoming a Catholic while travelling through Belgium.]

[Continued from page 112.]

I KNOW it is impossible to convey to you the sacred, solemn, holy, deep reverence a Roman Catholic has for the Mass. In this feeble description you will have scarcely an idea of it. If you could catch a glimpse of its awfulness and majesty, you would see at once how beautiful are the arrangements of our Church in every thing, as every thing has a connexion with *the Mass*. You would then see why our poor are so devout, and the most unlearned equally able to unite in this reverent feeling with the best instructed. There is much said against our services being in a language the people do not understand, but you, perhaps, begin to see how unnecessary this is. The Mass is an *action*, which explains itself; it does not require language, nor does it need language, to join in its celebration. Some persons never have a book at all, but remain during Mass wrapt in holy devotion. I was lately told by a friend of mine, who has frequent opportunities of seeing the queen of France at Mass, that she remains the whole time on her knees; I think she seldom has a book, but seems absorbed in mental prayer—motionless as a statue—looking, my friend says, "as if her soul had fled for the time to heaven; so sweet, calm, and fervent, is her royal countenance." And why should a humble aged villager, too old perhaps to be able to use a book, be pitied as if she were ignorant of what is going on around. I have watched many whose demeanour there can be no mistaking, to whom nothing is necessary beyond what they possess, the thorough understanding what is the Mass.

I have purposely omitted explaining any prayer of the Mass which has reference to it only as a sacrament, as I hope to have the pleasure of going over it again with you, solely referring to this its second meaning. It will be there I will tell you all about our people receiving it as a sacrament: try to understand it, however, first as a sacrifice, in order to get clear ideas about it. It is the mixing up and confusing one thing with another, which prevents so many persons understanding our holy institutions and customs.

I have also omitted every thing which has reference to some other doctrines which your church does not receive, as I could not have explained them without drawing away your attention to the one point, towards which I had proposed directing you, viz. the Mass as a sacrifice.

I ought to tell you that I have only explained the Mass to you as it is offered in its most simple form—a Low Mass, as it is called, without music, incense, or any of its ceremonies, except those by which it is usual always to accompany it. I have only described our daily, quiet, morning, village service, in order that you may see what *the Mass* is, and not mistake the Mass itself for the ceremonies which accompany the Mass, as is too often the case with those who are unacquainted with its nature. These ceremonies are more or less grand and imposing according to the occasion on which the Mass is offered; varying and changing to every circumstance, and are as an open book to us, in which to read and learn the sort and degree of devotion our Holy Mother demands of us—whether joy, or sorrow, or contrition, is the feeling she would awaken in us. Whether it be the most sacred festivals of the mysteries of our Lord Jesus Christ, or the lesser holiday of some other day of rejoicing, we read it all as soon as we look within our Church's walls, and see the degree of ceremony which is prepared for the celebration of the Mass. All have, however, but one and the same end, the honouring and arousing attention to the *sacrifice* of the Mass.

I must draw my long letter to a conclusion, but I should not do so in accordance with true Catholic regulation, did I not endeavour to give you some recreation after the deep and solemn attention which I have demanded of you to the profoundly sacred subject of the Mass; for one of the wise ordinations of our Church is, to give repose and agreeable recreation to mind and body after either has been healthfully fatigued and excited. This is carried out into every regulation among Roman Catholics. In spiritual things our Church guides us in our relaxation, and, in a great measure, she guides us in our worldly recreation also. Where the priesthood have sufficient influence, all goes on in the most beautiful order in our hours of mirth and cheerfulness; and where they cannot influence in private, they do what they can by rendering the church services attractive at such seasons, so that at least some portion of our time may be given to God. I shall make you understand this

by giving you some account of our past week, which was our annual village fête.

Each village as its annual fête, which is kept on the anniversary of the consecration of the church, and lasts the week. England preserved for many years the remnants of this Catholic custom in her annual fairs. These were originally the anniversaries of the consecration of the several churches of the parishes in which they were held. When England became Protestant, the good custom of having church services and other devotional practices mingled with recreation, modifying and regulating it, passed away; and recreation unaided by religion, and unguided by the clergy, became soon but a scene of riot, confusion, and sin, obliging the law to take in hand to suppress the village fairs altogether, which was quite necessary. But the poor were thus left without any fixed season of recreation, and must each seek it for himself, in good or in bad occasions, as his disposition and chance led him. And the English poor are not happy: no one can be happy who requires the guidance and support of superiors, and is neglected and abandoned by those superiors. Here no one is neglected, much less abandoned; the Church provides, as far as she has power, for every thing her children require, and one thing every human heart requires, viz. to be rendered cheerful by kindness, and to have seasonable recreation.

One of our chief seasons of recreation is, then, our Kermes, or Kerk-mass, Church-mass, Mass in remembrance of the consecration of our Church. As each village has its own, these annual fêtes bring us a large share of recreation. Every family, however poor, must go to visit its relatives in the neighbouring parishes at their *Kermes*, and receive in return those relatives at its own Kermes. Thus a great deal of friendly intercourse is kept up, and much pleasant amusement procured for each individual. I have told you how careful they are of their clothes, and how cleanly and respectable they always appear. Against Kermes a little money has invariably been laid up to replace some article of dress grown shabby, that they may be quite spruce and gay at this visiting time, to go to the Masses and other services. Every family must have additional provisions, and many of our economical Belgians, who rarely taste meat at any other time, have a good morsel of beef on Kermes Sunday; then a cake *must* be made—no one could get through Kermes without a cake. Those who cannot afford to buy the ingredients, go and glean the corn to make one with. The whole village smells of cake on the Saturday, and the bakers' shops are literally filled with cakes; every shelf, and even the floor, has cakes piled upon it. Then the cleaning of houses, and scrubbing of brass and copper utensils, of which we Belgians possess an extraordinary assortment for our cookery; the washing of windows, and stone pavements, the place is one universal flood of water; and the Church—our most scrupulously clean old Mary, washes even the pillars, and many a warning must she receive to prevent her washing off every atom of varnish on the wood work about the Church. The poor spiders never live to see Kermes, her long brooms search into their most secret hiding-places. Then comes the clerk, so soon as her washings are ended, with all his best decorations for the altars, with his carpets and chair-covers, and hangings, and by Saturday evening every thing is finished and quiet, people have again opportunity to go into the church to pray. The Sunday passes over quietly, the church services are beautiful, and those who receive their friends on that day do so with decorum. The Monday is the grand day: the morning begins with ringing of bells, and an early mass. This is the day on which the Pastor begins to receive *his* friends. The Rectors of the surrounding parishes—twelve or more—are generally invited. Some of these usually come early enough to assist at the high Mass, which is at ten o'clock, there having been more or less Masses between this and the early Mass, according as there have been priests to say them. I should have told you, that it is a great point amongst our people to have the masses of Kermes week for themselves, as the members of their families are then assembled; each family likes to have a Mass at that time for their own family. It is announced on the Sunday for whom the Mass is to be offered, that we may unite in praying for that family. Our ten-o'clock Mass on the Monday is sometimes most beautiful, several priests assisting. The church is crowded, and every one in their best, it looks very gay and lively indeed. The Mass over, they return home to dine at twelve; the priests going to the rectory, where a very handsome dinner is provided for them by the pastor. At half-past two are the afternoon services, or Vespers and Benediction, as we call them; at these most of the priests assist who have dined at the rectory, and the chanting is sometimes very fine. By the time these services end we are all rather tired: the priests never remain late from home. They, therefore, now return, and many persons' friends go home also: those who remain enjoy their evening together. The children visit the stalls which are erected in large parishes, as at our fairs in England—ours is too small for these things. In some parishes very good things are sold at this time, clothing, and cutlery, &c.—Persons, therefore, go round to make purchases. There are also amusements for children, as in fairs in England. Tuesday is a less gay day, but it is still Kermes, even in small parishes like ours. Masses are again offered for different families; and the pastor receives on this day the *Curates* of the parishes whose Rectors he had received the day before. On the Wednesday it is usual not to receive company—but a stray friend or two drops in generally, and open house is kept—coffee and cake, ever ready at whatever time they fall in. Thursday is again a company day: at the priest's table the company is not limited to the clergy, as it is generally on the Monday and Tuesday, but some of his parishioners or other lay friends are received. Thursday ends the feasting, but the Masses continue all the week, and are always fully attended:—thus are their recreations sanctified by religion. The children are taught in the weekly catechism the meaning of their rejoicing, that they may be early accustomed to make their religion the foundation of their mirth. You would have

much enjoyed the Pastor's "story" yesterday, "of the meaning of Kermes:" how a holy man many hundred years ago came among their forefathers when they were all wild men, living in huts, and eating herbs; and how he persuaded them to become christians; but they had no church to hear Mass in, or to pray in. And how they collected materials, and the holy man taught them to build a church: and how glad they were when they had a church: and how the holy man consecrated the church, for he was a Bishop, and how on the day their church was consecrated, they invited all their relations to come and hear the first Mass in their *own* church. And how as the year came about, they wished to keep up the memory of that happy day, and invited their friends to come again to help them to thank God for his goodness in having sent a missionary to them. And how this day had been kept up ever since, and with the same intention, namely, as a day of thanksgiving to God for having sent that holy man among them. And how, farther, to keep up the remembrance of this great mercy of God, in sending His saintly servant to them, his statue had been carved in stone, and placed as they saw it over the High Altar. And then he told them to look upon it, and remember how good God had been to them in sending them a missionary to teach their forefathers to be Christians, and in preserving them in the true faith for so many hundred years. And to remember that keeping Kermes was not to visit their grandmothers and aunts, to eat cake and drink coffee alone, but to pray to God earnestly and with all their heart, that He would preserve them in the same faith, and in the same hope, and in the same charity as that holy bishop had taught. And that all the joy and pleasure they had at Kermes, they must offer to God as a thanksgiving, and that all the week when they rose in the morning, and when they went to bed at night, they must add another Lord's Prayer to their devotions, to ask God's blessing to preserve them in the true faith which St. Omer had taught them—sent by God.

Since writing the above, a week has passed; my letter is awaiting an opportunity of being sent to England. We are all quite gay with the numerous fêtes which are around us. This week seventeen parishes in the neighbourhood of ours are holding their *Kermes.* Every field and lane is enlivened by the merry chat of the peasants passing on their way, to keep holiday with their relatives or friends, in one or other parish. Whole families are trooping along together. The house is locked up, and old and young set forth. Some, who are too young, or too old, or too weak to walk, go on a donkey, with its broad sheepskin saddle, large enough to carry two or three at once. Then the farmers go in majestic style—seated in their own waggons with the *Boorenas* (farmers' wives) by their side, under their own white awning, and looking the very model of independence and comfort; that is to say, looking exactly like Belgian farmers, a race of men whom princes may envy. White petticoats and stockings peep from beneath the carefully pinned-up gown of the travelling females. Such luxuries, only exhibited on very great occasions, add very much to the holiday feeling one has about one at Kermes. Amongst the many, it is this week the fête of a parish near ours, which is large enough to rank almost as a town. Our own dear, quiet, village produces so much to interest and amuse us in religion, that we seldom need go any where to seek recreation; but yesterday I felt a wish to be present at some of the many Masses at A——, and after our own service was over, we walked over there. We arrived about half-past nine, and found the whole place in movement. I greatly enjoyed seeing the stalls and shops, and the children amusing themselves just as our English children used to do at their rustic fairs. We met, I really think, a third part of our own parishioners, who were returning from earlier Masses; from some of these we learned that one Mass was just beginning, for which, therefore, we should be rather late, but that there were still others to follow. We hastened on, and found our own Curé saying a high Mass, assisted by a deacon who was also our neighbour. The priests go about to assist each other on these festival days. A stranger had said Mass in our parish yesterday, for instance; that is, a friend of the Curé's and of ours; and our Curé had come over to A——, to celebrate a Mass for the Curé of A——. The Church was much too full for us to go near the altar. But I have told you we needed not *hear* a word to enable us to join immediately in the Mass. We found it was the time of the *Credo.* It was beautiful to enter amongst the devout multitude, and to feel that their innocent festivities were thus based upon, and mixed up with their religion. So many pretty little children were around us, knowing exactly when to kneel and when to stand up, and behaving so properly, and praying so like little angels, with no one apparently belonging to them present to guide them. I said to myself, Ah! these are the fruits of your Pastor's catechisms, and of his ever-vigilant care of you. Kind Jesus! the Pastor of pastors, who hast appointed these good shepherds to watch over thy flocks. How many of these little ones are left to perish in protestant lands, where no system of instruction is enforced and binding on every priest!

This Mass ended, the Church was soon nearly cleared, most persons present having probably to return home to allow of other members of their several families to come in to the next Mass, which we found was immediately to follow, as the candles on the High Altar remained burning. Our candles have many significant uses.

This Mass was accompanied with chanting the Matins and Lauds, and the Church again filled. We approached the altar, and found every thing very handsomely arranged. The parish is a rich one, and nothing is spared by the inhabitants for the adorning and enriching the house of God. The Curé of the parish led the choir with his fine impressive voice. He had still his Mass to celebrate, which I longed to stay to hear, as it would be a very grand one, perhaps with several Priests; but the Church became very hot, having been successively filled from the early morning, and I began to feel it necessary to

leave it. We met again many of our own fellow parishioners, entering as we left, with another set of worshippers. I envied them while going in to assist at Mass, as I dare say they pitied me because I was going out; for there is nothing they so lament over as being deprived of hearing Mass. Our walk home was a rich treat, it being one of those fine September days, which are perfect as to weather. And the deep shadows fell among the rich foliage of the still green trees, and almost made one forget there was no longer Belgian corn to look upon in the desolate fields. Again we met troops of visiting grandmothers, and grandfathers, and aunts, and cousins, for all of whom a festival dinner was waiting, punctually as the clock struck twelve; all but for the Curé, his arduous duties to-day would detain him far beyond that hour, that is, far into the next; but his recreation was prepared for him also. We met many Priests, who were congregating from other parishes, some far distant, to partake of his hospitality. Many of these were our friends, at whose tables we visit. Our walk was enlivened by a little chat with each. A friendly invitation, perhaps, or a little mirth at having seen a carriage pass containing some eight or ten of their brother clergy, who they told us were professors and other Priests from a college in a town some miles off, where one of the Priests of A—— had been professor, and this was an annual visit they paid him at the Kermes. We congratulated them on the merry dinner party they were likely to have, as professors from colleges are proverbial for their cheerfulness. Often the beneficed clergy pretend to envy them, because they have not the care of a parish resting upon them. Then we met one who had just returned from a visit to England, who answered some very ignorant questions I put to him, respecting the changes which have taken place in London since I left England. Amongst others, the railroads, which he tells me are over the houses, and which I, in beautiful simplicity, was quite ignorant of; having been so absorbed in my interesting religion in this secluded spot, that I had never once before inquired any thing about London railroads. As we approached home, every thing became quiet; our fête being over, as I have told you, *we* have sobered down into our daily duties, except these occasional visitings to other parishes. Our own dinner, deferred to the late hour of half-past twelve, was not the less acceptable, nor our excellent coffee after it, which was not unaccompanied by Kermes cake either, as we had had a kind present from a farmer's wife in the next parish, whose good things we frequently share, in true Flemish hospitality and christian kindness. The Church encourages all this social feeling, and teaches us *union* in seasons of cheerfulness, and in seasons of deep devotion; as I hope I shall have the pleasure of showing you, in some future details of the occupations of our holy, happy, community.

After showing you how much real enjoyment our clergy have provided for them, in the encouragement the church gives to friendship and social intercourse, I ought also to tell you, occasionally, of the means she employs to keep alive among them the spirit of deep and fervent devotion; among which are their seasons of spiritual retreat. These are just over, the last having been from Sunday the 11th of September to the following Friday.

During every summer the bishops of each diocese arrange a certain number of these retreats. They are held in a college, generally, during the vacation. And the choice is given to each priest as to which he may find it most suitable to be present at. Having fixed on one, he sends notice of that he has chosen, and on the day appointed they assemble. The bishop appoints one or more talented and eminently pious men, who have been educated and trained to the work, to lead their devotions and preach to them.

These seasons being expressly dedicated to the care of the soul, every worldly occupation and feeling are laid aside for the time, and they enter the college with the purpose of giving themselves up, for those days, entirely to God. For this they prepare their whole heart, and mind, and being. In the last retreat which was held in a town near us, fifty clergymen were assembled, from the surrounding parishes, some rectors, some curates. The venerable dean of the town was appointed principal, this giving him power to be consulted, or applied to, on any needful occasion; and two missionaries were sent by the bishop. Plain wholesome food is provided by the college, for which each pays his share. No luxury is allowed, nor even wine. And during the repast the Holy Scripture is read, or A Kempis's Imitation of the Life of Christ, no conversation being allowed. At their entrance, which is on the Sunday evening, each has a printed paper given to him, which instructs him of the allotment of the hours of every day. I have a copy of one of these which I will explain to you.

At five in the morning they rise, when half an hour is given to morning private prayer. At half-past five they go into the chapel of the college, the missionary priest goes into the pulpit, and gives a sort of exhortation, or, as it is generally called, a "Meditation," for half or three quarters of an hour, which is intended to lead them to meditate for themselves. Great order is observed in the choice of the missionary's subjects. The first three days being given to the contemplation of the deep subjects of Death, Judgment, Heaven, and Hell. The sinner is brought to bewail the heinousness of sin, and his mind awakened to compunction and penitence. The shortness of time and the value of eternity are set before him. His nearest interests are touched to the quick. —How is he living as a priest dedicated to God? Is God really the object and end of all his works and thoughts? Or is he going through his sacred daily duties mechanically? Is he striving to live quite above the world, not the great world with its vanities and follies, from these he is totally excluded as a true priest, but above the little world within him. His own temper, his negligence of his own soul while he is occupied in watching over the souls of others? Is he showing forth a pattern of meekness and gentleness, or is he as irritable as other men under the trials and vexations of life? Does he give way to pride, and grudge to see others more honoured and ad-

vanced than himself? Can he bear wrong and suffer wrong, and harbour no feelings of revenge? Can he forgive as he prays to be forgiven? He is obliged to be outwardly conformable to all his holy mother the church requires of him; but is he holy in thought, and fervently religious in feeling? &c. &c. And deeper and more stirring feelings are touched as the search of heart goes on; for a priest has duties to perform, so solemn and important, as none can judge of who are not Roman Catholics themselves. To all these he is aroused and exhorted before God, these meditations being most earnest, and strong, and awakening. I only just give you these few faint ideas of them, that you may try to imagine something about them. When the missionary thinks he has sufficiently excited and guided to meditation, he ceases to speak, and the remainder of the hour is spent in silence, each being thus left to meditate for himself, and apply what has been said; at half-past six a quarter of an hour is devoted to examination of conscience, as to what profit has been derived from the meditation, and to the noting down any remark it may be wished to remember. This ended, one quarter of an hour is free for each to spend in any devotion he pleases. This is called "free time;" at seven Mass is said, at which all are present. No priest says his own Mass during the retreat, unless any special reason oblige him; at half-past seven they breakfast together, during which strict silence is observed, and one reads aloud a portion of the "Imitation of the Life of Christ."

At a quarter-past eight they say their office in choir.—The office is something like your service of the prayer-book, which pious families in England read daily, with the lessons for the day. A priest's office is divided so as to give a portion to every third hour. But they are not obliged to say each portion alone, they may say two or more portions together as suits them. They, therefore, at this time, a quarter-past eight, say two portions called "Prime and Tierce." Then some spiritual book is read; and at ten the Missionary again preaches, or meditates as before, carrying on his subject.—At a quarter past eleven they recite two more portions of their office, called "Sexte and None;" after which a quarter of an hour free time, and then a strict examination of conscience.

At twelve they dine; after which they may converse together, and walk in the College gardens. At two they pray in unison for half an hour, one leading them. They then recite two more portions of their office, called "Vespers and Complin," and have a quarter of an hour free time. At three the Missionary gives another sermon called a conference, which with its examination occupies them till a quarter past four, when they recite the remaining two portions of their office, called Matins and Laudes, which is said by anticipation, as it is the next morning's service. At half-past five they have a fourth meditation, which again occupies them one hour and a quarter. At a quarter before seven they go into the chapel to adore Christ in the Holy Sacrament.

At seven they take their evening refreshment, which is accompanied with reading as at dinner, and after this they have the recreation of conversation. At half-past eight evening prayers, with examination of conscience; and the subject of the morning's meditation is given out, which they note down, in order to prepare for it in private. They then sing a hymn, and at nine retire to their sleeping-rooms. The first three days having been given to the awakening the conscience, and exciting to penitence, they all confess, a sacrament which I propose explaining to you in my next letter, previous to my telling you about the Mass as a sacrament, and the sacrament of the Lord's Supper. On the Thursday they all approach this most holy sacrament, and receive it at the hands of him who has been appointed their principal. This day and the remaining Friday are days of holy joy, the subject of their meditation being the return of the Prodigal son; and the love and mercy of God in receiving penitent sinners through Christ, are set before them. The life of Christ is now proposed for their imitation, and forms the base of the Missionary's meditations.

On the Friday afternoon they return home, strengthened and refreshed for their sacred duties, and comforted and animated. The order they learn in these holy retreats is brought out into their daily life, and every day is a fainter picture, but still a copy of these holy days. In addition to the great duties they are obliged daily to perform, they love to add many of the profitable exercises they have practised in their retreat.—The daily meditation, the punctual reading some spiritual book, the examination of conscience, and fervent, private prayer, become habitual, and almost essential to their mind, as is their daily food to the body. They teach us, too, something of the same order in the regulation of our time; and we are trained also to prayer, and taught how to pray, and to meditate, and taught how to meditate; and we are exhorted to daily serious reading, as far as our circumstances allow. And the evening examination of conscience none may omit. We are taught in our morning meditation to propose some virtue to practise, a sin, or fault, or bad habit to avoid during the day, and to persevere on this one point till it be conquered. We are taught to pause at noon, and inquire if we are remembering what we had proposed to ourselves in the morning, and to pray, if only for two minutes, for grace to persevere. We are taught to note down over-night a subject for the morning's meditation; so that when we come to put ourselves in the presence of God to meditate, we may be prepared in heart. Our little children in their weekly catechism have a miniature plan traced out for them from the same model, and frequently an extra catechism is held for the more advanced to attend alone, in which their Pastor acts as their Missionary, and teaches their young minds how to meditate, how to examine their conscience, and how to pray.

But I really must now say farewell; the time is come when my letter must depart for England. I shall be most happy to receive another letter from you, informing me of the state of England; and in return I will give you every information within my power, regarding Catholic life in Belgium.

[*Letter V. concluded.*]

TRANSLATION.

From the Italian of a Sonnet by Michael Angelo, from his own copy as sent by him to his friend Vasari. This celebrated Painter lived to the age of 90.

My life has run its course; my shatter'd bark
Has stem'd at length the stormy ocean's flood;
And now I reach the common port, the mark,
Where all give dread account—of bad or good.

Now, that fond love which made enchanting art
My sov'reign and my idol—now I know
Was error, fatal error, in my heart—
It led to evil, and it leads to woe.

Its witching charms—how trifling now, how poor!
Two deaths I view, and both approaching near;
Th' *eternal*, threat'ning—and the *mortal*, sure;—
Painting and sculpture!—can you help me here?

Oh Love Divine!—my soul must turn to Thee!
Inviting on the Cross Thine open arms I see!

Sus. Watts.

HIBERNIAN ACUTENESS.

When General V—— was quartered in a small town in Ireland, he and his lady were regularly besieged, whenever they got into their carriage, by an old beggar woman, who kept her post at the door, assailing them daily with fresh importunities and fresh tales of distress. At last, the lady's charity and the general's patience were nearly exhausted, but their petitioner's wit was still in its pristine vigour. One morning at the accustomed hour, when the lady was getting into her carriage, the old woman began—"Agh! my lady, success to your ladyship, and success to your honour's honour this morning of all days in the year; for sure did'nt I dream last night, that her ladyship gave me a pound of *ta*, and that your honour gave me a pound tobacco?"

"But, my good woman," said the general, "do you not know that dreams always go by the rules of contrary?"

"Do they so, plase your honour?" rejoined the old woman, "then it must be your honour that will give me the *ta*, and her ladyship that will give me the tobacco?"

The general, struck with her ready wit, gave the ingenious dreamer the value of her dream.

Thoughts & Things worth noting.

On the Colours of Flowers.—I find that a purple columbine or a blue lark-spur, held over a lighted match, changes first to pink and then to black. The usual varieties of these flowers are blues, reds, and whites. The yellows of other flowers all continue unchanged, and the same is true of the green colour of leaves. I tried the experiment on the primrose and water aconite, yellow crocus, furze blossom, and daffodil, all of which remained unchanged; but every other colour instantly disappeared. If a scarlet, crimson, or maroon dahlia be tried, the colour changes, not to white, but to yellow—a fact known to gardeners, who in this way variegate their growing dahlias.

I have remarked that the earwig is very unwilling to expand its beautiful and delicate wings, probably from the fear of their being accidentally injured. I placed one, some time since, upon a piece of cork floating in the centre of a basin of water, but still it was not inclined to effect its escape by flight, but preferred swimming to the sides of the basin, which it tried ineffectually to climb. Having made several attempts at this, and perhaps finding itself exhausted, and likely to be drowned, it made all haste to regain its station upon the cork, where it remained all night, though by spreading its wings it might have regained its liberty. Yet that earwigs do fly, is an unquestionable fact, and they do so particularly at night, as I have more than once had proof. I have good reason to believe, too, that they fly in swarms, having some time since observed, upon the Woolwich Road, in a small space, about one foot and a half square, no less than fifty or more of these insects sticking to some palings, which I had seen on the previous day a labourer coating all over with pitch. Some of them I observed had still their wings expanded, being unable to fold them up under their wing cases, owing to their adhering so strongly to that substance.

Hurtful Ignorance.—If we had education as it ought to be in our schools for the poor, the following would not have happened. A bottle of water, closely corked up, was lately placed in an oven at a house in Everton, the consequence of which was, of course, explosion, the severe scalding of a girl, and damage to the fire-place. Surely, the poorest of children ought to be taught something about *this* world, not by any means instead of, but in addition to, what they are taught respecting the next.

Ridicule.—The fatal fondness for indulging in a spirit of ridicule, and the injurious and irreparable consequences which sometimes attend the too severe reply, can never be condemned with more asperity than it deserves; not to offend is the first step towards pleasing; to give pain is as much an offence against humanity as against good-breeding; and surely it is as well to abstain from an action because it is sinful, as because it is impolite.

An important and highly ingenious invention has been perfected by Mr. Williams a surgeon at Holywell, for regulating the motion of machinery, whether steam or other power. He has succeeded in completing a collapsing fly-wheel, which is entirely free from the objections generally urged against them—viz., that on throwing any additional power on the machine, it loses its centrifugal effect at the moment most needed. In this wheel there is a great economy of metal; a smaller wheel will produce the effect of one much larger and heavier, and the engine can be started or checked with the greatest ease. In engines for drawing from deep mines, this invention will be of the utmost importance, as the continually reducing weight as the buckets or corves ascend, and increasing weight as they descend, causes in the former instance a dangerous velocity, and in the latter a slower motion, and consequent loss of time—for instance, supposing a shaft 120 yards deep, the bucket to weigh 14 cwt., and the chain 8 lbs. per yard, when the bucket is at the bottom, the total weight to be raised with the chain, is 2528 lbs., but, as the chain is coiled round the roller, the weight continually diminishes, and the velocity of the engine gradually increases to a dangerous rapidity; this tendency is entirely overcome by this invention—the collapsing properties of this new fly-wheel, regulating the working of the engine to as great a nicety as the governor balls regulate the admission of steam—the whole centrifugal powers of the wheel can be thrown from the centre of gyration to the periphery, or to any intermediate point at pleasure—and is under such immediate control that the reversal of the motion can be effected in an instant.

A steady assurance is too often styled impudence. Rowe observes—Going into the company of great men, is like going into another world—you ought to stay until you are called.

Whenever we find a great deal of gratitude in a poor man, we may take it for granted there would be as much generosity if he were a rich man.

None are so fond of secrets as those who do not mean to keep them: such persons covet secrets as a spendthrift covets money, for the purpose of circulation.

A Friend.—Happy is the man who has a friend to point out to him the perfection of duty, and yet to pardon him in the lapse of his infirmities.

THE IRISHMAN IN EGYPT.

BY BENSON E. HILL.

"'Twas on the spot in ancient lore oft named,
But *now* for British valour far more famed."

Captain F——, of the Engineers, while serving in Egypt, was one morning seated in his marquee, when he saw, drawing near, a miserable Arab bestriding the hind-quarters of an ass, which also carried a pair of large panniers, filled with garden esculents—acceptable, and somewhat rare, commodities at that time and place.

This purveyor of greens was jogging inoffensively along, looking out for purchasers, when his evil stars sent him such a customer as he did not bargain for—a tall and powerful Turk, richly dressed, and armed to the teeth, who, without a word, dragged him from his seat, kicked the panniers off their bearer, "and spread his vegetable store" upon the sand. Pressing as this hero's temporary necessity for a steed might be, it was probable that he would not have tolerated one so mean, but for the pleasure of tyrannically usurping the goods of a powerless inferior; yet, ere he had lifted his leg high enough to cross the animal, a dapper fellow, much below the ordinary size of soldiers, who had been cleaning his master's belt close by, roared out—

"What d'ye mean be dat, ye big blackguard? How dare ye maltrate the Arawbian in his lawful calling? Let go his ass, or you'll sup sorrow, my lad!"

The Mussulman, though he might not understand a word this champion of the injured poured forth, could neither mistake nor relish the hostile looks and menacing gestures of little Jemmy Mulhollan, to whom, however, he only vouchsafed the mute and dignified hint of laying his hand on his dagger.

"Och, you murtherin' thief! you mane that, do you?" cried Jemmy. "By all that's holy, I'll tache you manners!"

Then, springing upon the formidable persecutor, he wrenched the weapon from his hand, and flung it into the air.

"Hooroo!" shouted Jemmy, dancing with passion, and reiterating the wild exultant cry so frequently heard in an Irish *scrimmidge*.

The follower of Mahomet stood for a few moments utterly confounded by the suddenness and success of this attack; but, recovering his self-possession, prepared to draw a pistol from his girdle.

"Ye're there, are ye, ould muslin cap? Bad cess to ye! but I'll take the shine out of yez yet."

Saying this, Jemmy made a furious butt with his bull-head at the breast of the Moslem, which felled him to the earth, with the "boy" on the top of him. As they rolled over each other in their prostrate scuffle, the active Hibernian absolutely abducted his foe's pistols. In drawing the second from the folds of the shawl, it went off, and alarmed the guard, some of whom hastening to the spot, secured the combatants.

Mulhollan, spite his narrow escapes from ball and blade, was unhurt; but the Turk had one eye "bunged up;" while on his nose, the fist of Erin had performed a diametrically contrasted operation, broaching its claret, by which a handsome vest was liberally stained. This was a ready-made-out strong case of assault and battery. The suffering party, addressing an officer who had been led to the scene of action, insisted on seeing the commander-in-chief, to make complaint of the rough usage by which he had been insulted.

The poor Irish lad was conveyed to the guard-house; the Turk to Lord Hutchinson, on whom the command had devolved—

"When the brave Abercombie received his death-wound."

His Lordship ordered the matter to be investigated; and Captain F——, in detailing what he had witnessed, dwelt with pleasure on the humane impulse of the little Irish fighting cock. Still the malignant and turbaned Turk demanded the life of the offender in expiation.

It was the policy of Lord Hutchinson to treat the Ottomans and Mamelukes, who still hung about our camp, with every mark of respect: peculiar circumstances would have rendered it dangerous to refuse even this request.

A drum-head court-martial was assembled; Mulhollan's transgression fully proved; he was ordered for instant execution. The sentence being made known to the belaboured and vindictive infidel, he seemed appeased, though his satisfaction was somewhat qualified when he heard that "the regulations of the British army would not permit persons of an opposite faith to *witness* a punishment."

In about an hour a strong detachment was seen marching towards the sand-hills in the rear of the camp, and in the midst of this guard the prisoner, who, to his honour be it spoken, seemed to bear his fate with extreme fortitude. As far as the soldiers would permit, the poor Arab followed on his donkey, and wailing over this reward of his brave protector's good-nature. Just ere Jemmy's escort turned this grateful creature back, the condemned man begged leave to speak with him—"That is," added Jemmy, as his entreaty was granted, "to shake his brown hand, and pat his brown baste, in token that, if it war to do agin, I'd do that, and more, for an unlucky fellow as could'nt help himself; and I don't mind what's come of it at all, my man; so be aisy!"

The gallant bearing of the speaker re-assured the being to whose wrongs he was a victim, and they parted.

The appointed spot was soon gained; the fatal volley fired. As it reached the ear of the maltreated Turk, he was seen to smile, and with a heart full of gratified malice, hurried from the vicinity of the camp.

In a few minutes the soldiers returned; when, in full regimentals, carrying his musket, and occupying the centre of the rear rank, *marched Jemmy Mulhollan!* who had lent himself to this exhibition of justice, and for many a year afterwards would laugh over the story.

"Shure I liked the fun of licking the long chap, and chating him after it. He was a bigger jackass than the ould cabbage-man's own, if he thought my Lord would rob the service of a lad like me for all the Turks that ever wore whiskers. I tuk good care to keep shut of him ever after, for all that—as, if we had met, he'd have fallen out wid me for being alive to a sartainty; and the next shindy I had wid him, I might not have been let off so convanient. The Arawbian did twig me at last, and frightened enough he was; but I tipped him summit handsome, not only to show that I was no fetch, but to make him hould his tongue."

The Established Church in Ireland. The following is an extract from the probate of wills, as presented in the House of Commons, by Mr. Grattan, July 12, 1832:—Fowler, Archbishop of Dublin, left £150,000; Beresford, Archbishop of Tuam, left £250,000; Agar, Archbishop of Cashel, left £400,000; Stopford, Bishop of Cork, left £25,000; Percy, Bishop of Drome, left £40,000; Cleaver, Bishop of Ferns, left £50,000; Bernard, Bishop of Limerick, left £60,000; Porter, of Clogher, left £250,000; Hawkins, of Raphoe, left £250,000; Knox, of Kilaloe, left £100,000. Total, £1,575,000. Besides maintaining their wives and families during life.

The Report of the Commissioners state that in Ireland there are 151 parishes having no member of the Church of England, and 860 parishes having less than 77 protestants.

Parliamentary Grants since the Union in 1800:—For building protestant churches, £525,377; for building glebe houses there, £336,881; for protestant charity schools, £1,105,869; for Church society to discountenance vice, £101,991; for Kildare Place society, £170,508. Total, £2,310,626.

FATHER MATHEW.

ODE TO A PAINTER ABOUT TO COMMENCE A PICTURE TO ILLUSTRATE THE LABOURS OF FATHER MATHEW.

SEIZE thy pencil, child of art!
Fame and fortune brighten o'er thee;
Great thy hand, and great thy heart,
If well thou do'st the work before thee.
'Tis not thine to round the shield,
Or point the sabre, black or gory;
'Tis not thine to spread the field,
Where crime is crown'd—where guilt is glory.

Child of art! to thee be given
To paint, in colours all unclouded,
Breakings of a radiant heaven
O er an isle in darkness shrouded!
But to paint them true and well,
Every ray we see them shedding
In its very light must tell
What a gloom *before* was spreading.

Canst thou picture dried-up tears—
Eyes that wept no longer weeping—
Faithful woman's wrongs and fears,
Lonely, nightly, vigils keeping—
Listening ev'ry footfall nigh—
Hoping him she loves returning?
Canst thou, then, depict her joy,
That we may know *the change* from mourning?

Paint in colours strong, but mild,
Our Isle's Redeemer and Director—
Canst thou paint *the man* a *child*,
Yet shadow forth the mighty VICTOR?
Let his path a rainbow span,
Every *hue* and *colour* blending—
Beaming "peace and love" to man,
And alike o'er ALL extending!

Canst thou paint a land made free—
From its sleep of bondage, woken—
Yet, withal, that we may see
What 'twas *before* the chain was broken?
Seize the pencil, child of art!
Fame and fortune brighten o'er thee!
Great thy hand, and great thy heart,
If well thou do'st the work before thee!

THE NATION.

THE TOWN MEETING.

License or no License?

GOVERNOR Briggs, of Massachusetts, in a speech at Albany, related the following thrilling incident:

At a town meeting in Pennsylvania, the question came up whether any persons should be licensed to sell rum. The clergyman, the deacon, and physician, all favoured it. One man only spoke against it, because of the mischief it did. The question was about to be put, when all at once there arose from one corner of the room a miserable female. She was thinly clad, and her appearance indicated the utmost wretchedness, and that her mortal career was almost closed. After a moment of silence, and all eyes being fixed upon her, she stretched her attenuated body to its utmost height, and then her long arms to their greatest length, and raising her voice to a shrill pitch, she called to all to look upon her.

"Yes!" she said, "look upon me, and *then* hear me. All the last speaker has said of temperate drinking being the father of drunkenness, is true. All practice, all experience, declare its truth. All drinking of poison in health, is *excess*. LOOK UPON ME! You all know me, or *once* did. You all know I was once the mistress of the best farm in the town. You all know, too, I had one of the best of husbands. You all know I had fine, noble-hearted, industrious boys. WHERE ARE THEY NOW? *Doctor, where are they now?* You all know. You all know they lie in a row, side by side, in yon der church-yard; all—every one of them FILLING THE DRUNK ARD'S GRAVE! They were all taught to believe that temperate drinking was safe—excess alone ought to be avoided; and they never acknowledged excess. They quoted *you*, and *you*, and *you*," pointing with her shred of a finger to the *priest*, *deacon*, and *doctor*, "as authority. They thought themselves safe under such teachers. But I saw the gradual change coming over my family and prospects with dismay and horror. I *felt* we were all to be overwhelmed in one common ruin. I tried to ward off the blow. I tried to break the spell, the delusive spell, in which the idea of the benefits of temperate drinking had involved my husband and sons. I begged, I prayed; but the odds were against me. The MINISTER said that the poison which was destroying my husband and boys was 'a good creature of God.' The DEACON (who sits under the pulpit there, *and took our farm to pay his rum bills*) sold them the poison. The DOCTOR said that 'a little was good, but *excess* ought to be avoided.' My poor husband and my dear boys fell into the snare—they could not escape; and one after another was conveyed to the grave of the drunkard. Now, look at me again! You perhaps see me for the last time. My sand has almost run. I have dragged my exhausted frame from my present home—*your poor-house*—to warn you *all*—to warn you, DEACON!—to warn you, FALSE TEACHER OF GOD'S WORD!" And with her arms high flung, and her tall form stretched to its utmost, and her voice raised to an unearthly pitch, she exclaimed—

"I SHALL SOON STAND BEFORE THE JUDGMENT-SEAT OF GOD—I SHALL MEET YOU THERE, YOU FALSE GUIDES, AND BE A WITNESS AGAINST YOU ALL!"

The miserable female departed. A dead silence pervaded the assembly. The priest, deacon, and physician hung their heads. And when the president of the meeting put the question—"Shall any licenses be granted for the sale of spirituous liquors?"—the response was *unanimous*—"NO!"

What a delight to discover in the works of nature, the benevolent intention of the Creator!

A modest air is much more becoming than what is called a genteel air.

Curiosity is the failing of children who know nothing, and of fools who busy themselves about the follies of others.

People should early learn to be old, and it is no trifling gift of nature.

Some people shed tears in order to show them; and their eyes are dry as often as they have no spectators.

He who praises us is never a fool in our estimation.

MURDER OF ARCHBISHOP SHARPE,

On the third of May, 1679.

James Sharpe, son of William Sharpe, sheriff clerk of Banffshire, was born in the castle of Banff, 13th May, 1613. He was educated in Aberdeen, and became professor of philosophy and divinity, successively, in the college of that place. He was afterwards appointed minister of the town of Crail. During the troubles in his native country, he visited England, and passed much of his time at Oxford, in conversation with the learned in that University. On the restoration of the royal family and episcopacy, he was promoted to the archbishopric of St. Andrew, and was consecrated in Westminster Abbey, on the 15th December, 1661, which see he possessed until the day of his murder. The following narrative was drawn up a few weeks after the perpetration of that horrid deed.

"After that God had restored to these kingdoms their king and liberty, reasonable men might have concluded, that we would have rested with much satisfaction under those great blessings, for which we had so much longed. But that restless bigotry, which had in the late rebellion distracted our religion, dissolved monarchy, unhinged our property, and enslaved our liberties, did soon prompt the execrable authors of *Napthali* and *Jus Populi*, who, in those books, endeavoured to persuade all men to massacre their governors and judges by the misapplied example of holy Phineas, and did in specific terms assert, that there could be no greater gift made to Jesus Christ, than the sending the archbishop of St. Andrew's head in a silver box to the king; which doctrine prevailed with Mr. James Mitchell, a zealous Naphthalite, to attempt the killing of the said Lord Archbishop, upon the chief street of Edinburgh, in face of the sun, and of the multitude; and he having died, owning his crime as a duty, and others having writ books, comparing him in his crime to Sampson, twelve or more, of the same set, did, upon the 3d of May last, murder the said archbishop in this ensuing manner.

"After his Grace had gone from the secret council, where, to aggravate their crime, he had been pleading most fervently for favours to them, having lodged at a village called Kennoway, in Fiffe, upon Friday night, the 2d of May, he took his journey next morning at ten o'clock towards St. Andrews; and his coachman having discovered some horsemen near to Magus (a place about two miles' distance from St. Andrews), advertised the archbishop thereof, asking, if he should drive faster; which his Grace discharged, because he said he feared no harm; they drawing nearer, his daughter seeing pistols in their hands, and them riding at a great rate, she persuaded her father to look out, and he thereupon desired his coachman to drive on; who had certainly out-driven them, if one Balfour of Kinloch, being mounted on a very fleet horse, had not cunningly passed the coach (into which they had in vain discharged very many shot), and after he found that he could not wound the coachman, because his coach-whip did fright the sprightly horse, wounded the postillion, and disabled the foremost coach horses; whereupon the rest coming up, one of them, with a blunderbuss, wounded the Lord Primate in the coach, and others of them called to him to 'Come forth, vile dog, who had betrayed Christ and his church, and to receive what he deserved for his wickedness against the kirk of Scotland;' and reproached him with Mr. James Mitchell's death. Whilst he was in the coach, one run him through with a sword under his shoulder, the rest pulled him violently out of the coach. His daughter came out, and upon her knees began to beg mercy to her father; but they beat her, and trampled her down. The Lord Primate with very great calmness said, 'Gentlemen, I know not that ever I injured any of you; and if I did, I promise I will make what reparation you can propose.'—'Villain and Judas,' said they, 'and enemy to God and his people, you shall now have the reward of your enmity to God's people!' which words were followed with many mortal wounds, the first being a deep one above his eye; and though he put them in mind that he was a minister, and pulling off his cap, showed them his gray hairs, entreating, that if they would not spare his life, they would at least allow him some little time for prayer. They returned him no other answer, but that God would not hear so base a dog as he was; and for quarter, they told him, that the strokes which they were then giving, were those which he was to expect. Notwithstanding of all which, and of a shot that pierced his body above his right pap, and of other strokes which cut his hands, whilst he was holding them up to heaven in prayer, he raised himself upon his knees, and uttered only these words, 'God forgive you all:' after which, by many strokes that cut his skull to pieces, he fell down dead. But some of them imagining they had heard him groan, returned, saying, that he was of the nature of a cat, and so they would go back and give one stroke more, for the glory of God; and having stirred about his brains in the skull with the points of their swords, they took an oath of his servants not to reveal their names; and so desiring them to take up their priest, they rode back to Magus, crying aloud, that Judas was killed, and from thence made their escape."

THE DYING VESTAL.

By Victor Hugo.

(Freely Translated.)

Red the lamps are gleaming
Beneath the calm star-light!
The pictured windows seeming
Most gorgeous to the sight;
Their softest smile is lying
Upon a Vestal dying.

Maiden eyes are weeping
Beneath the calm star-light!
And where its gleam is sleeping,
Their tears descend as bright;
And mournful hearts are sighing
Around a Vestal dying.

Choral hymns are breathing
Beneath the calm star-light!
And with their music wreathing
The balmy flowers of night;—
Their spirit-wings are flying
Around a Vestal dying.

The sapphire star-light blending,
To her pale eyes is given,
And tears around descending,
Will light her soul to Heaven!
With music sweet and festal,
To charm the dying Vestal.

G. R. Carter.

SPECIMENS OF A PATENT POCKET DICTIONARY,

For the use of those who wish to understand the meaning of things as well as words.

[The following piece of amusing humour, conveys not a little sound sense and judgment, notwithstanding the jesting manner in which it is written.]

Abridgment.—Any thing contracted into a small compass; such, for instance, as the Abridgment of the Statutes, in fifty volumes folio.

Absurdity.—Any thing advanced by our opponents, contrary to our own practice, or above our comprehension.

Accomplishments.—In women, all that can be supplied by the dancing-master, music-master, mantua-maker, and milliner. In men, tying a cravat, talking nonsense, playing at billiards, dressing like a groom, and driving like a coachman.

Advice.—Almost the only commodity which the world refuses to receive, although it may be had gratis, with an allowance to those who take a quantity.

Ancestry.—The boast of them who have nothing else to boast of.

Argument.—With fools, passion, vociferation, or violence; with ministers, a majority; with kings, the sword; with men, of sense, a sound reason.

Avarice.—The mistake of the old, who begin multiplying their attachments to the earth just as they are going to run away from it, and who are thereby increasing the bitterness without protracting the date of their separation.

Bait.—One animal impaled upon a hook in order to torture a second for the amusement of a third.

Beauty.—An ephemeral flower, the charm of which is destroyed as soon as it is gathered: a common ingredient in matrimonial unhappiness.

Beer, Small.—See Water.

Blushing.—A practice least used by those who have most occasion for it.

Book.—A thing formerly put aside to be read, and now read to be put aside.

Breath.—Air received into the lungs for the purposes of smoking, whistling, &c.

Bumper-toasts.—See Drunkenness, Ill-health, and Vice.

Cant.—The characteristic of Modern England.

Carbuncle.—A fiery globule found in the bottom of mines and on the face of drunkards.

Challenge.—Giving your adversary an opportunity of shooting you through the body, to indemnify you for his having hurt your feelings.

Chichane.—See Law.

Coffin.—The cradle in which our second childhood is laid to sleep.

Compliments.—Dust thrown into the eyes of those whom we want to dupe.

Courage.—The fear of being thought a coward.

Cream.—In London, milk and water thickened with chalk and flour.

Critic.—One who is incapable of writing books himself, and therefore contents himself with condemning those of others.

Cunning.—The simplicity by which knaves generally outwit themselves.

Destiny.—The scapegoat which we make responsible for all our crimes and follies; a necessity which we set down for invincible when we have no wish to strive against it.

Dice.—Playthings which the Devil sets in motion when he wants a new supply of knaves, beggars, and suicides.

Disguise.—That which we all of us wear on our hearts, and many of us on our faces.

Dram.—A small quantity taken in immoderate quantities, by those who have a few grains of sobriety and no scruples of conscience.

Egotism.—Suffering the private *I* to be too much in the public eye.

Envy.—The way in which we punish ourselves for being inferior to others.

Epicure.—One who lives to eat instead of eating to live.

Esquire.—A title much in use among the lower orders.

Faction.—Any party out of power.

Finger.—An appendage worn in a ring, and of great use in taking snuff.

Friend, real.—One who will tell you of your faults and follies in prosperity, and assist you with his hand and heart in adversity. See *Black Swan.*

Gentleman.—A name often bestowed upon a well-dressed blackguard, and withheld from the right owner, who only wears its qualifications in his heart.

Glory.—Sharing with plague, pestilence, and famine, the honour of destroying your species; and participating with Alexander's horse the pleasure of transmitting your name to posterity.

Gold.—Dead earth, for which men sacrifice life and lose heaven.

Grave.—The gate through which we pass from the visible into the invisible world.

Happiness.—The health of the mind, produced by its virtuous exercise. They who would attain it otherwise may search for the word *Will-o'-the-wisp.*

Head.—A bulbous excrescence, used for hanging a hat on, taking snuff with, shaking, or nodding; or as a target, which they who know its value offer to be shot at for a shilling a-day.

Health.—Another word for temperance and exercise.

Hero.—A wholesale man-butcher.

Hearse.—The triumphal car in which bones and dust proceed in state to their final palace—the grave.

Jealousy.—Tormenting yourself for fear you should be tormented by another.

Lark.—The matin chorister, that first sets the light of heaven to music.

Loan.—A means of robbing our successors for the purpose of destroying our contemporaries.

Milk, London.—The joint production of the cow and the pump.

Misanthrope.—One who is uncharitable enough to judge of others by himself.

Money.—May be accused of injustice towards mankind,—inasmuch as there are only a few who make false money, whereas money makes many men false.

Originality.—Undetected imitation.

Ostentation.—The real motive of many who wear the disguise of hospitality, and invite their guests—"To choke them with envy, not fill them with meat."

Peace.—A cessation of those wholesale murders which prevail during three quarters of every century in this enlightened æra, and which are sanctioned and inculcated by all Christian governments under the name of War.

Party-spirit.—A species of mental vitriol which we keep to squirt against others, but which in the mean time irritates, corrodes, and poisons our own mind.

Quart.—Rather more than a pint, according to the bottle conjurors of the wine trade.

Satire.—Attacking the vices and follies of others instead of reforming our own.

Scandal.—The tattle of fools and malignants, who judge of their neighbours by themselves.

Vanity.—Another word for the whole fleeting pageant of human existence.

SMITH.

NEXT EASTER.

The following curious article regarding "Easter Day, 1845," is by Professor de Morgan:—

"In an article which I have prepared for the next number of the *Companion to the Almanac*, I have discussed the reasons why Easter day will next year fall, in apparent defiance of the act of parliament, upon the very day of the full moon. But, as an accidental application which I have received (and I know that the superintendent of the *Nautical Almanac* has received another from a different quarter) makes me think that the computers of almanacs will be puzzled, and that the useless discussion of 1818 (when the discrepancy last occurred) will be revived, unless some one will forthwith state the reason of the difficulty, I request that you will publish some of the conclusions of the paper to which I refer, which will in due time appear in the work cited. And I hope that the daily papers will give additional currency to the same conclusions; and I should recommend that the same thing should be done in the almanacs. The rule adopted in this country for finding Easter, is that of the Roman Catholic church, as established at what is called the reformation of the calendar by Pope Gregory XIII. in 1582. The authority for this rule is contained in the papal brief of March 1st, 1582, in which reference is made, for all explanations, to the then forthcoming work of the Jesuit Clavius, to whom both the adjustment and explanation of the calendar had been intrusted. The British parliament, in adopting the *rule* of Clavius, made two mistakes in the *explanation* of that rule. Their explanation is, that Easter Sunday is the Sunday after the full moon which comes on or next after the 21st March, and that if the full moon fall on a Sunday, Easter Sunday is the next Sunday.

The two mistakes are as follow:—

"1. Instead of 'full moon,' they should have said, 'fourteenth day of the moon, the day of new moon being reckoned as the first.' That Easter, as well as the Passover, was always regulated, not by the full moon, but by the fourteenth day of the moon, is of the utmost historical notoriety. And Clavius says, that 'none but a few, who fancy themselves sharp-sighted, ever imagined that the fourteenth of the moon and the full moon were the same in the Church of God.'

"2. Instead of the 'moon' of the heavens, they ought to have said the 'moon of the calendar,' which is a very different thing. The moon of the calendar is not even a mean, or uniformly moving moon to which astronomers refer the real moon; but differs from it intentionally and avowedly, by two classes of arbitrary alterations, the first class intended for simplicity of calculation, the second for avoiding the possibility of the Christian Easter falling on the actual day of the Jewish Passover.

"In the year 1845, the fourteenth day of the calendar moon falls on Saturday, the 22d March, whence Easter is rightly made to be Sunday, the 23d, according to the law both of the Roman and English churches, though the English statute does not well explain its own method. With regard to this country, it should be noticed that this statute enacts that Easter shall be kept by the 'calendar, tables, and rules,' annexed to the act: and these agree with Clavius.

"Of course any one is at liberty, as many did in 1818, to think that the statute should be altered; and certainly it would be worth while to avoid misconception by repealing the faulty definition, and substituting a better one, in the prayer-books of the Established Church. But if any one should wish to advocate the repeal of the rules, and the construction of new ones agreeable to the existing definition, and astronomically true, he will perhaps pause when he finds that his own system would *sometimes* cause it to happen that St. Paul's Cathedral must keep Easter a week after Westminster abbey, and would very frequently make a week's difference between the festivals of the colonies and the mother country.—I remain, Sir, yours faithfully,

"A. De Morgan.

"University College, London, July 11, 1844."

A STIRRING ADVENTURE.

Intelligence was sent in to me, that a tigress I had followed up for two or three days, having wounded her slightly in the leg before, was lying under a Burgut tree. Out I went about 12 o'clock in the day, some three miles from my camp. On arriving, I saw it was a case of close quarters, as the Shikaree and the men about him only made signs, and would not speak; and on quietly asking where my *friend* was hanging out, they pointed to a large tree, certainly not more than 25 yards off. I took my rifle, and stood facing the tree, just on the line of road my lady took on going out visiting: a sign was made: the men placed on the heights about commenced to shout and scream, and in one instant I heard the *purring* noise like a cat, but about a thousand times louder. The Shikaree pressed my arm, and told me to take a very steady aim directly I saw her, as she was very ghussa (angry). Immediately after this, she got up, and began walking up and down under the tree, as you see a tiger in a large cage, her tail lashing her sides, and sent at times slap over her back. All at once she saw me; rather stooped the fore part of her body, put back her ears as you see an angry cat, opened her mouth, gave three or four low growls, and showed me the whitest set of teeth I have ever yet seen without the use of tooth-powder. At this moment, I levelled my gun, and fired—struck her; and no sooner had the ball struck, than, with one of the most fearful roars I have ever heard, down she came upon me. Thank God! I was steady and cool, fired the second barrel, hit, but could not stop her. I had just time to get my second gun from my Aid (that great man's son, who stood as steady as a rock, "May his shadow increase!") when she was upon me. I fired the right barrel slap into her chest; but this was not enough for the infuriated brute: she got me down right on the broad of my back just as I was about pulling the left trigger: in her rage she turned a little, and just took my foot in her mouth: on feeling the pressure, I managed to twist it out like lightning; and then she was on me with one foot on each side of my chest. She then put down her head with that kind of growling noise, only much louder, with which a bull-terrier worries any kind of varmint, right over my throat and chest. In being thrown down, I had managed to keep hold of my gun, and on the brute stooping down to worry me, I shoved it up in self-defence: she laid hold of it, shook it out of my hand like a straw, broke it into half a dozen pieces, and in fact expended all her rage upon it. The ball I had put into her chest began to tell; she reeled away from me about six yards, and dropped down *dead*. There was an escape for you! The tiger, before this, had dropped with one ball dead; but you see this brute, although with a mortal wound of which she died, might before doing so have killed a dozen such as me. Had she mauled my throat instead of the gun I luckily had in my hand, I should have been a lost sheep! The fellows round about would not believe their eyes on coming to lift me up, as I was covered all over with the blood of the tiger, that I was unhurt. You never heard such 'Wah, Wahs' in your life."—*Sporting Magazine.*

Cheerfulness is always to be supported if a man is out of pain; but mirth to a prudent man should always be accidental: therefore, take care never to be too much elevated. That mind is dissolute and ungoverned, which must be hurried out of itself by loud laughter or sensual pleasure, or else be wholly inactive.

AN OLD LEGEND MODERNIZED.

An Irish giant, irritated by the superior renown of Fingal, and thinking himself of sufficient bulk to enter into the lists with his highness, crossed the ocean one day in order to dare him to the combat, and vanquish him. Shyla, the mother of Ossian, heard of the determination of this terrible antagonist. She was quite convinced of the invincible force of her husband; but, nevertheless, she admitted to herself that pigmies had been known to upset colossi; and there is no proof that she was ignorant of the story of David and Goliath. In short, Shyla determined to prevent the combat, and she went to work in the following manner:—On the day of the arrival of the Irish giant, she put Fingal to sleep in his cave, after a very good breakfast, by means of the juice of certain plants, the secret virtue of which was known only to herself; she then placed a wadded baby cap upon his head, swaddling-clothes about his limbs, and leading-strings upon his arms. Any one would have taken him for a child in the cradle. But what a baby! for what a cradle! The colossal enemy arrived. He met at the foot of the rock of Staffa, the wife of his adversary. "Where is Fingal?" he cried, with a voice which he endeavoured to render as fierce as possible. "Out hunting," replied Shyla, with as innocent an air as she could put on; "and, while waiting his return, I was just putting my baby in his cradle; poor little love. He is only just born, and is still little and puling; but, I hope, in time, he will grow as strong and as big as his papa. He is such a darling little creature. Come and see." The Irish giant shrugged his shoulders with contempt. However, he followed Shyla, in order to pass away the time before his redoubtable combat; and, in so doing, he was even more polite and gentlemanly than was his wont. "What," he exclaimed, all at once, as he entered the immense grotto, "is that your child's cradle!" "Certainly," replied the mother; "and there's the little darling himself!" The Irishman uttered a cry of stupefaction and affright. A cold sweat burst over his broad forehead: all the hairs of his head stood erect. "Gracious heavens! if that's the baby," he muttered in consternation, "what must the father be!" and he took to his heels as quickly as he could. The combat never took place. Shyla had triumphed alone.—*Viscount D'Arlingcourt's Three Kingdoms.*

PULPIT ELOQUENCE.

A French preacher, in his sermon on the feast of St. Mary Magdalen, enlarged greatly upon her former infamous life, and said many fine things respecting her conversion. Then apostrophising the ladies, "There are amongst you," says he, "many who come here rather for amusement than instruction; and among the number who now hear me, I know not whether one could be found, who is desirous of repenting like the Magdalen. Did I say like the Magdalen?—I might have said she feels not the least remorse for her sins. There *is* one amongst you, who is not worthy to be associated with honest women. She is the most abandoned and most impudent of women. She has every year for a long time promised to reform and lead a good life, nevertheless she still continues to live on in the same wicked way. As she hath hitherto sinned unblushingly, it is necessary we should expose her. It is said in scripture, 'if thy brother commit sin, reprehend him the first and the second time; but if he do not correct, the third time tell it to the church.'

"Since so many exhortations have proved inefficient to the reclaiming of this hardened sinner, it is necessary we should now cover her with confusion, by publicly proclaiming her infamy, and naming her, before the whole assembly. Yes, my brethren, I am going to name her; it is ——. Shall I name her? —I ought—but nevertheless—no, I ought not—but why not?—this salutary shame might reclaim her from her evil ways.—I will name her then—it is——no, that name is so infamous, it would be a sacrilege to pronounce it within these sacred walls. But it is necessary she should be known.—There she is in front, looking innocent and demure.—I am going to throw my book at her—mind whom it hits?"—*Then raising his arm, and feigning to throw his scripture, all the women who were before him instantly stooped down their heads.*—"O tempora! O mores!"* cried the preacher; "I thought there had been only *one* unrepenting sinner, but with grief I behold there are amongst you *many*."

THE PIGEON OF THE EAST.

The bird let loose in eastern skies,
When hastening fondly home,
Ne'er stoops to earth her wing, or flies
Where idler wanderers roam;

But high she shoots through air and light,
Above all low delay,
Where nothing earthly bounds her flight,
Or shadow dims her way.

So grant me, God, from every stain
Of sinful passion free,
Aloft, through virtue's purer air,
To steer my course to Thee!

No sin to cloud, no lure to stay
My soul, as home she springs;
Thy sunshine on her joyful way,
Thy freedom on her wings.

T. Moore.

Varieties.

Lycurgus.—The Spartans consulted Lycurgus to know if they should build walls around their city. *A city is never without walls which has valiant men around it, for its defence*, said Lycurgus.

Threats.—Those that are loudest in their threats, are weakest in the execution of them. In springing a mine, that which has done the most extensive mischief makes the smallest report; and again, if we consider the effects of the lightning, it is probable that he who is killed by it hears no noise; but the thunder-clap which follows, and which most alarms the ignorant, is the surest proof of their safety.

The Fair Side.—When any one was speaking ill of anotner, in the presence of Peter the Great, he at first listened with great attention, and then interrupted him, saying, "Is there not a fair side also to the character of the person you are speaking of? Come, tell me his good qualities!"

Flight of the Albatross.—How powerful must be the wing muscles of birds which sustain themselves in the sky for many hours together! The great Albatross, with wings extending fourteen feet or more, is seen in the stormy solitudes of the Southern Ocean, accompanying ships for whole days, without ever resting on the waves.

Dreams.—When reason descends from her throne and seeks a transitory respite from her labour, Fancy usurps the vacant seat, and in pretended majesty would fain exert her sister's various powers. These she enacts to the best of her ability, and with about the same success as attends a monkey when he attempts the several operations connected with the mystery of shaving: and thus ends a very short and conclusive dissertation upon dreams.

Goodness of Heart is man's best treasure, his brightest honour, and wisest acquisition. It is a ray of divinity that dignifies humanity, attracts admiration, and assimilates him to his Creator; but, like pure gold, is liable to be counterfeited.

* O the times! O the manners! *of our days.*